

A Pattern o' true Love, to you I will recite, Between a fair y^{oung} Lady, and a courteous Knight.

The Tunes is,

Dainty comes thou to me.

Dear Loe regard my grief
do not my suit disdain,
Opield me some releif
that am with sorrowe slain:
These long seven years & more,
have I still loved thee;
Do thou my joys restore
fair Lady pittie me.

Pittie my grievous pain,
long suffered for thy sake,
Do not my suit disdain
that no time rest can take:
These seven long years & more,
have I still loved thee:
Do thou my joys restore
fair Lady pittie me.

How Could I pittie thee?
this Lady then reply'd,
Thou art no match for me,
thy suit must be deny'd:
I am of Noble blood,
thou but of mean degree,
It stands not for my good
fondly to match with thee.

This answer had he most,
which cut his heart so deep,
That on his bed full oft,
would he lie down and weep:
With tears he did lament
his forward destiny
With sighs, yet would he say
fair Lady pittie me.

While I live, I must Love
so fancyargeth me,
My mind cannot remove,
such is my constancy:
My mind is nobly bent
though I of low degree
Sweet Lady give consent
to love and pittie me.

The Lady hearing now
the moan that he did make,
Did of his suit allow
and thus to him she spake:
Sir Knight mourn thou no more
my faith I plight to thee,
May this thy joys restore,
thou hast thy wish of me.

But first sweet Love (quoth she)
what shift then wilt thou make
With speed to marry me,
and thy delight to take:
It were a bargain bad
to get a wanton wife,
And lose with sorrowe great
thy sweet desired life.

If that my father knew
the love I bear to thee,
We both the same should rue,
therefore be rul'd by me:
When my father is in bed,
and all his waiting men,
Through the window will I get,
so that you meet me then,

Content Lady (he said)
he's but a Coward Knight
Whom ought shall make afraid
to win a Lady bright:
Thus then they went away,
but by the Easter Eke
Coming through y^e window wide
was this fair Lady took.

O gentle Cook (quoth she)
do not my deed bewray
Some favour to me shew
and let me pass away:
Love that doth conquer Kings
forc'd me to do this deed,
Whilst others sits and sings
make not my heart to bleed.

Not so (then said the Cook)
fair Lady pardon me,
Who can this trespass brook
committed thus by thee?
My Lord your Father shall
the matter understand,
For false I will not be,
neither for House nor Land.

Then from the Ladies face,
fell down the teares amain,
She was in woful case,
and thus she made her moan:
Alas my own dear Love,
little know'st thou my grief,
Great sorrows must we prove,
hope yielding no relief.

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Her father in a sple
 lock'd up his daughter quite
 And sent forth Armed men
 to take this worthy Knight.
 Who then was judg'd to be
 quite banish'd from the Land,
 Never his Love to see,
 so strict was the command.

And at the Sessions next
 after the Knight was gone
 To his daughter full of woe
 they brought a hanged man:
 whose head was smitten off,
 the Maidens truth to prove,
 (quoth her father) wanton dame
 now take thy here thy Love.

Her tears fell down again,
 when this sight she did see,
 And sorely did complain
 of Fathers cruelty;

His body she did wash
 with tears that she did shed,
 An hundred times she kiss'd
 his body being dead.

Alas my Love (she said)
 dear hast thou paid for me,
 Would God in heavens bliss;
 my soul were now with thee.
 But whilst that I do live,
 a vow I here do make,
 Seven years to live unmarried
 for my true Lovers sake.

Her father hearing this,
 was grieved inwardly,
 He pardon'd her amiss,
 and prais'd her constancy.
 And to this courtous lady
 her father did her wed:
 God grant the like success
 where ever true Love leads.

F I N I S

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